The Mysteries of Myra An Inspiring Novel and Motion Picture Drama

Written by Hereward Carrington.

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Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard,

(Symopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Mys. Maysaers, a sentitul nerves, is the victim of an occul comprise; a service of the content of the leaf cont the hypototic influence of the band. With the aid of Pror. Haji. Dr. Alden gains admission to the underground meeting place of the Black Order. He is condemned to death for his interference, but its saved from live burish by his confederate. He reactes the Maynard home in time to save Myra from death by polsonous gases liberated from some toy balloons. Arthur Varney, a weslithy clubman, who is a suitor for Myra's hand, has been in league with the conspirators, but the watchfulness of Dr. Alden has thus far thwarted his effogts.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Lost Trail.

R. ALDEN was more determined that ever to end the activities of the Black Order.

"I must get the authorities on this case now, for individual work will do no good," he told Haji, that morning. "You can go to the order meeting if you will, but be wary. For I intend to have the police raid it as soon as they can be stirred into definite action."

The Hindoo left Alden's residence, his heart troubled by misgivings, Yet he was faithful to his mission; there was no fear in heart.

The miraculous escape of the physi-

he was faithful to his mission; there was no fear in heart.

The miraculous escape of the physician from the clutches of the devil worshipers was the subject of more than one whispered conference. Yet at the command of the evil pontiff, the master of ceremonies forbade any general discussion among the brethren. The master had already planned a method in which to trap the unknown traitor within their ranks, craftily as his work had been concealed.

See what it says!" cried the girl, weakly the master took the black paper with a skeptical frown. She adjusted her reading glasses, and then suddenly evinced more of a shock than the young girl.

The massage was simple.

"Myra Maynard:

"When you receive this letter, Payson Alden will be beyond human aid."

The mother took the black paper with a skeptical frown. She adjusted her reading glasses, and then suddenly evinced more of a shock than the young sirl.

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meeting rooms."

The detectives studied the place carefully. One of them cautiously entered and sent the ray of a pocket light into the cavity.

"Yes, there are steps. This is a sure lead," said he. "Jim, you so back and tell the chief that we've got the place. Bring a bunch of the reserves. And don't go to sleep, either, for these birds will begin to fly south!"

The other man hurried away.

The detective plief the mysician with questions. Alder limited his descriptions of the inner workings of the order to the assertion that the men had tried to kill him for some transon reason. He volunteered nothing about the son. He volunteered nothing about the connection of Myra Maynard with the

plot.
It was felly half an hour before the other detective returned with the captain and an automobile patrol wagon filled with uniformed reserves. The captain himself ordered them to surround

the old building.
"When I blow the whistle, close in from all sides and I'll watch this getaway here myself!" he cried.
The bluccoats hurried to obey. With a

The bluccoats hurried to obey. With a drawn revolver the officer waited at the old tree.

Without any preliminary warning and even as they preliminary warning and even as they preliminary warning and even as they preliminary warning and tree hole, a terrific exclusion shook the ground beneath their feet.

The blast came from the interior of the subterranean stairway its force so terrific that the nolice cantain and the doctor were both knocked to the ground. There was another concession, and as the two startled me, scrambled up, they were astounded to charve a continual line of heaving earth as foot after foot of the tunnel was blown up.

"Come! We'll get to the center!" was Alden's call to the cartain as he ran Alden's call to the cartain as he ran unsteadily toward the old stone house. unsteadily toward the old stone house.
But they were too late. Already the others were standing back from the structure helplessly fuming in rage. The roof had been blown off, the flames were pouring from the ramshackle

windows.

A final explosion sent the remnants of the structure to the ground, as the flaming embers showered about them and drove them into a disconsolate ring about the place. Search as they would, they could find nothing left of the secret meeting place. The dynamite arrangements of the master had been parfect.

"Well, there's nothing for us to do here," said the captain, after his men had vainly ransacked the entire property. Not a soul was in sight, and the pursuit was a failure. "We're going back to the station house, and vou'd hetter give up. Keep in touch with me, if anything turns up or you need projection. I didn't believe you at first, and even now I don't get the idea of this gang. But, I'll be wide awake when I can help you."

this gang. But, I'll be wide awake when I can help you." The doctor shook hands with him, and Lt a cigarette.
"No. I don't need any protection. I've not my revolver, and can look after myself in the open," he said. "But I'll just look around here a bit more. I may find some clues that lead elsewhere. Good-by.

The policemen and detectives disap-Alden sat down on the remnant of an old stone bench to ponder over the

CHAPTER XXIII.

The New Campaign. YRA MAYNARD paced the floor of her bedroom anxiously, as she studied the little French clock on her chiffonjer.
"Dr. Alden is late again with his telephone call. I must try to reach him," her thoughts ran. "Oh, if we could only drop this whole pursuit and

a method in which to trap the unknown traitor within their ranks, craftily as his work had been concealed.

Haji reported to the leader of ceremonies, and with several other members was sent out upon certain missions to remote parts of the city. Accordingly, it was not until some time later that he knew of the secret developments.

Payson Alden, after studying a plan of action from every angle, at last walked to the police station for an interview with the captain. At first his atory was scouted.

"Sure, guv'nor, you're crazy! There ain't nothing like that going on in this district. Why, we're up here on the edge of the city. And that old house you tell about hasn't been occupied for twenty years."

"You're mistaken, officer," insisted Alden. "Just look at these bruises on my arms. I'm still stiff from the fight I had, with them. If you will send some men with me. I'l i prove to you how possible it is.

The officer grudgingly summoned two plain clothes men, who accompanied Alden toward the descreted farm. A stretch of woodland had to be passed before they came to the stone hulidings.

Alden and his companions failed to Alden and his companions failed to be passed before they came to the stone hulidings.

Alden and his companions failed to have the wook ling figures peering everyete by a man peering from behind a stone wall through binoculars. This man disappeared abrupily.

As they prowled about through the thicket Alden findly located the hollow-trunked tree through which he had gained entry to the subterranean chambers of the order.

"There, offices," declared the doctor. "You see the marks where I was dragged out. This leads directly to the meeting rooms." The decetives studied the place carefully. One of them cautiously entered and sent the rapid to the remains the police station, to learn the remains the police station, to learn the planting eyes to warm to the state of the planting the receiver impatiently. The police had tried to varied the police had tried to rain the police had tried to varied the poli

The lieutenant at the desk gruffly answered her call. When the girl mentioned her name his manner changed, and he called the captain to the instrument.

ment.
"Have you seen anything of Dr. Payson Alden?" she demanded. "Was he injured this morning?"
"No, Miss Maynard. We came very near being blown to bits by those crooks, but we couldn't find a sign of them. The doctor stuck around there just the same, after we gave up."
"Well' hasn't he telephoned you? Is

'Well' hasn't he telephoned you? Is that all you know about him?" Yes, Miss Maynard, the last we saw

"Yes, Miss Maynard, the last we saw of Dr. Alden he was prowling around near the ruins."

Myra repeated the vague news to her mother and the visitor.

Varney repressed a smile of satisfaction, and then shook his head in assumed apprehension.

tion, and then shook his head in assumed apprehension.
"That's terrible. If he is alone there, and these men actually did blow up the place, there is no telling what may have happened to him. Perhaps that letter was true after all."

Myra walked the floor tugging at her gown in nervous abstraction. As she approached the window to look down the driveway of the beautiful old estate Varney approached her.

tate Varney approached her.

"I have an idea," he said in a low tone. "Come lato the library away from your mother, and I will tell you."

Making an excuse she led the way to Making an excuse she led the way to another room, while her mother wondered vaguely at the meaning of it all. Mrs. Maynard was floundering these days in her vain efforts to understand Myra's psychology. The girl had changed so greatly since the odd meeting with Dr. Payson Alden, Her growing interest in him was patent to the instinct of a mother, and, despite her disapproval of the occult experiments, Mrs. Maynard could not combat her own growing liking for the physician.

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As they reached the seclusion of the other room Myra turned her nervous face to Varnev.

"What do you think we can do?"

"Well." and his words were given with studied slowness. "You remember the doctor claimed that he hypnotized you, and that he projected your spirit or your. * * What was it he called it?"

"My astral body prompted Myra, "What has that to do with his danger now?

"We cannot do a thing," she said sadly.

"I'm not so sure. I have a bunch of keys," and Varney's lips gave the bare suggestion of that cunning smile. "Perhaps one of them may fit. Who knows?" He tried several before the lock finally yielded, as he pushed the door open. "Well, wasn't that a lucky coincidence!" he exclaimed. "I guess the fates must be with us after all. Now I wonder what sort of a place it is?" Myra hurried in, while her companion followed, with a touch of apprehension in his manner as he gazed about at the castle of the arch-enemy of the Black Lodge.

"Well, and where is the hypnotizing machine?" asked Arthur Varney.

"There, that big apparatus with the mirrors. I remember that the doctor started it with some electrical switches," said the girl.

"What has that to do with his danger now?

Varney nodded impressively.

"That's just it! A whole lot. Now, tell me truthfully, was it actually the case Did your astral body really go somewhere? Is all that rubbish true?"

"Why, of course. I actually saw the men in the Black Order, just as though it were a dream. I left my own body, asleep there in the chair. I seemed to float through space and then found myself in a black room, with men kneeling on the floor, chanting some terrible words which I could not understand."

She trembled at the recollection.

"Yes," she continued. "It is almost unbelievable. Arthur. But it actually happened, I suffered, oh, such agonies! And I saw that horrible face of a man, with his thumbs upturned. Every day I see that face appear—somet.mes on the glass of picture frames, sometimes in my goldfish globe! And I saw a vision of Dr. Alden in his bedroom, suffering from that queer gas which came from the plant, the night he stayed in the house here to protect us. Oh, Arthur, it is all too real—It is a waking nightimare!"

"Then it was the hypnotism which sent your astral body on its journey" queried Varney, ingenuously." mirrors. I remember that the doctor started it with some electrical switches, said the girl.

Varney stepped forward to examine the machine with feigned ignorance. Myra began to explain its workings to him, but he looked at his watch once more and interrupted her.

"I believe I saw one of these manipulated once before," he said. "You sit down in a chair and look up when the lights are on and the wheels begin to revolve?"

"Yes, that the idea," answered the girl. "And I'll sit down now, for the sooner we can try it the better."

"I agree with you," echoed Arthur Varney, smilling. "There's no troe to lose!

And as Myra assumed an easy position in the chair, facing the great wheel, covered with its mivror planes, and wheel, covered with its mivror planes, and touch the right electrical connections to adjust the apparatus.

The big circle tilted forward and the wheels began to move more and more rapidly. The lights glowed and any one observing the eager Myra would have observing the eager Myra would have ness is not quieting down—it is just be-

sent your astral body on its journey?"
queried Varney, ingenuously.
"Yes! I saw the other visions without
it, but when I took the spirit trip the
doctor hypnotized me."
"Ah, there's the answer, then. Why

VARNEY PAUSED - HAD HE SUCCEEDED ?

out of the house, unobserved by her envelope.

room was empty, and, under Myra's leadership, they hurried up the steps to the big room which contained the psychic apparatus of the investigator. "But the door is locked!"

Myra tried it vainly, in disappointment. She drooped her head.

"We cannot do a thing," she said sadly.

In a few minutes they had slipped The boy grinned and handed him an driver to more haste. At last they

tered Alden, as he strode over the hillside to the appointed place.

He sat down with a wary eye in all directions. The time dragged miserably.
His thoughts reverted to the beautiful
girl whose fortunes had become so
oddly, yet so inspiringly, entangled with
his own. He wondered what might
be her thoughts at this moment, and
whether Myra were as warmly interested as the apparently increasing cordiality seemed to indicate.
Again he looked at his watch.
"Late! This is the first time you ever
failed to keep an appointment with
friend Haji!" he muttered, anxiously.
Another half hour passed.
Fears for Myra's safety began to torment him. It was cool, yet the nervous
perspiration bedewed his forehead.
He walked down toward the edge of

le walked down toward the edge of stream, nervously tossing pebbles in-

Then he saw it!

Then he saw it!

Floating down with the current was a half-submerged human body. Alden ran into the water a few feet and

ran into the water a lew clutched at it.

He drew it to the bank and turned the corpse face upward, the bitter tears springing to his eyes.

It was faithful Haji, who had sacritically in the cause of "white

side to the appointed place.

ginning to flare up. We may expect the worst of everything from now on!"

And as the policemen rushed a patrol wagon to bear the body of the dead man to the coroner's office, Alden hurried with increasing apprehension to Myra's home.

on the machine itself. Why, it nearly shade of misgiving, which he could not quite crystallize into a definite suspicion.

The girl's mother sobbed, while the frightened maid servant ran down the stairs, to escape from the terrors of the saving room.

reached the physician's house.

He sprang to the levers controlling the hypnotizing machine and stopped its motion. "Myra! Myra! Arthur Varney, let

She caught a glimpse of the still fig-

pallied

Prescription

Eczema

ure in the chair and gave a piercing

than during that earlier hypnotic se-

ance.
"Oh. she's dying!" moaned Mrs. Maynard. "Why did you let her do this,
Arthur? You. her friend. my friend?"
Varney rubbed his forchead in assumed desperation.

"I've tried every way!" he said. "I'm

for 15 years the standard remedy for all skin

Mrs. Maynard, as he swung the

girl's face was more tense, more

scream.

this eerie room.

The unconscious girl's lips twitched in mute echo of some spiritual suffering.
"Oh, she's in agony," murmured Mrs.
Maynard. "If we could only reach Dr. Alden" Arthur Varney shook his head with

Acthor Varney shook his head with an ill-concealed leer "I think he is otherwise engaged by this time" he remarked calmip, "Weil just have to wait for developments. I'm afraid, my dear Mrs. Maynard. Dr. Payson Alden was indeed otherwise engaged by the analysis of the control Arthur Varney shook his head with an ill-concealed leer
"I think he is otherwise engaged by this time!" he remarked calmly, "We'il just have to walt for developments, I'm afraid, my dear Mrs. Maynard. Dr. Payson Alden was indeed otherwise engaged, but in a far more animated manner than Varney supposed. The physician had reached the Maynard home in a taxicab. He ran up the steps eagerly, hoping that Myra would greet him. But it was Willia anxious countenance which appeared at the door.

amounted to naught.

Little did Mrs. Maynard and the doctor dream as they worked over the unconscious girl that at this very moment her astral and that of the dresd Black Master could be seen floating hand in hand in the clouds of incense which swirled above the altar of the Devil Worshipers.

Even Varnev, ignorant of the full extent of his villainy, was not aware that a strange transposition of souls was taking place and that when Myra awoke it would be with the spirit of another animating her body.

"If the machine made her go away, it ought to make her come back," persisted Mrs. Maynard. "Oh. doctor, try anything, please, for poor little Myra's sake."

The physician walked to the levers.

The physician walked to the levers. His keen eye noted the butts of some cigarettes on the floor beside it. Even in that preoccupied moment he realized

in that preoccupied moment he realized that Varney must have been slow in the hypnotic work to have had time for smoking three!

"Why not run the machine backsmoking three!

"Why not run the machine backward? Maybe that will reverse the
action," ventured Mrs. Maynard.

Alden was about to turn the advice
aside, when something prompted him
to follow it.

The lights were soon glittering once
more in the whirring reflectors. The

more in the whirring reflectors. The trio watched the unconscious face with varying emotions. Suddenly the eyelids stirred, and were lifted, ever so weakly. "Hurrah!" cried Alden, "Mrs. May nard, you've made a great psychic dis

nard, you've made a great psychic discovery!"

"I don't care about that," cried the mother, kissing the wan face. "All I want is my daughter back!"

"She's back!" exclaimed Varney, and there was disappointment on his astonished features.

Myra stirred and now looked at her mother, with a strange expression.

"Myra, darling, don't you know me, child?" cried Mrs. Maynard fearfully.

"Yes, it's mother! Isn't it?"

Alden was puzzled at the speech, and even at the curious stiffness of her tones. mother. The family automobile carried them to Alden's house, and they were soon in the physician's waiting that. He told me what you looked like of further trouble.

com.

"We will wait until Dr. Alden returns," Myra told the servant, who nodded and withdrew.

"Now, where is the laboratory?" asked Varney.

"Upstairs," replied the girl. "I had a wonderful time there before. I wonder if we couldn't go up now? If the maid has gone it will be all right?"

"Yes will wait until Dr. Alden returns," Myra told the servant, who nodded and withdrew.

"Thanks very much," and Alden added to the boy's wealth as he nervously tore open the missive.

"The room was empty, to the surprise of both!

"The room was empty, to the surprise of both!

"The laboratory!" cried Mrs. Maynard. "Take me to the laboratory at once. That is where she is."

"But, ma'am, the doctor never allows anyone there," objected the woman.

"That's strictly against his orders. The young lady couldn't be there."

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"The going to see just the same!" declared Mrs. Maynard, as she hurried to ward the stairs.

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"The laboratory!" cried Mrs. Maynard. That is where she is."

"That's strictly against his orders. The young lady couldn't be there."

"I'm going to see just the same!" declared Mrs. Maynard, as she hurried to ward the stairs. even at the curious stiffness of her tenes.

"Myra, come out of this dreadful place. You must come home at once."

Varney put on his coat, and ricked up his hat and walking stick. He east a sullen clere at Alden, who was studying him with finsers which itched for a rrip upon that comfortable, heavy nock.

"Yes, I think she had better so home and rest, And you two had better go home and rest, and you two had better go home after the confortable in the rest, and you will be the doctor.

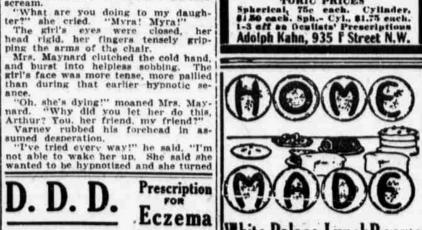
"No, no, I don't think of their going without an escort," objected Varney.

"Very well: I will be in the nosse, then," cheerved the physician. There was a crim set to his line as he followed the group downstairs and into the automobile.

Alden was watching Myra with a thur Varney stood regarding the inert figure of Myra as she sat limp in the easy chair, before the revolving wheel. He heard an excited knocking at the

locked door.
"Who can that be?" he muttered, as he threw his cigarette aside. "If it's the doctor—"
"Myra! Myra! Open this door!" call-Alden was watching Myra with

me in!"
Varney looked exultingly at the girl, and then rumpling his hair and taking off his coat, he went to the door.
"Arthur! What do you mean?" began FREE Kryptok Invisible Bifocals TORIC PRICES
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When Myra stepped into the car she tripped over the border of her gown, and would have fallen backward had not Varney caught her arm.

"I'm so clums;" she laughed, with embarrassment. "My head still aches." Aiden sat bisde Myra. "What did you see, Miss Maynard, while you were in the trance" he asked.

Alden stepped into the room, his eyes blasing.

"I understand more than you think I do. Varney." he snapped, as he ran to the girl's side. The astonished interloper stepped back as though he were expecting a blow.

But Alden had his mind on only one thing. He knelt by the girl's side and began to manipulate her wrists.

Then, this failing to bring results, he commanded, begged, and almost shouted an order for her to "Wake up!" It amounted to naught.

Little did Mrs. Maynard and the doctor drawn as they worked over the west.

Mrs. Maynard into the vestibule.

The face of the girl was dove-like in its innocence and gentic surprise.

"What is it!" cried Varney.

"What is it!" cried Varney.

"Why did you fire that revolver." demanded Mrs. Maynard.

Alden was holding the revolver. From its muzzle still trailed a thin line of smacke. He looked at the weapon which he snatched away so opportunctly.

"Miss Maynard tried to kill me:" he cried, hardly hearing them, as he stared into the girl's eyes.

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"Mys Maynard tried to kill me: "he cried, hardly hearing them, as he stared into the girl's eyes.

went into the drawing room. Alden stared after them, a thousand terrify-ing fears for the real Myra whirring through his brain! (To be continued next Sunday.)

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